

HUDDY & DUVAL'S

U. S. MILITARY MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA--NOVEMBER, 1841.

GENERAL DAVID R. PORTER, GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

David Rittenhouse Porter, Governor and Commander-in-chief of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, was born at his father's farm, called "Selma," now occupied by Andrew Knox, Esq., one mile north of Norristown, in Norriton Township, Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, on the 31st day of October, 1788.

His father, General Andrew Porter, was a native of the same county and neighborhood; (the son of a respectable farmer, Mr. Robert Porter, who emigrated from Ireland in the early part of the 18th century) and was distinguished as well for his mathematical and other scientific attainments, as for his military services during the revolutionary war. In the spring of 1775 he entered the army as a lieutenant, and, by his own merit, without adventitious aid, rose to the rank of colonel of Artillery, which he held at the disbandment of the army in 1783. He served throughout the war and was personally engaged in the cannonade at Trenton and the battles of Princeton, Brandywine and Germantown. He accompanied General Sullivan in his expedition against the Indians, and superintended the laboratory for the seige of York Town. After the close of the war, he removed to his farm, near Norristown; and was engaged, in connection with Doctors Rittenhouse and Ewing, General James Clinton and Simeon Dewitt of New York and Bishop Madison of Virginia, in running, by astronomical observations, the lines between Pennsylvania and New York, and Pennsylvania and Virginia. He subsequently filled other responsible civil stations, and died at Harrisburg, Surveyor General of Pennsylvania, on the 16th of November, 1813, in the 72d year of his age; full of years and of honors.

The mother of Governor Porter, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Parker, was also a native of Montgomery county. She was a lady distinguished for the strength of her intellectual faculties as well as the extent of her reading, observation and conversational powers. She married her husband, when a captain in the army, at the darkest period of the American Revolution, and passed through the privations of that trying era with the enduring fortitude which characterized so many of the matrons of the revolution.

General Andrew Porter and his wife were both self educated; and they were well educated, if good education may be measured by extent and variety of information. Having

felt the want of early instruction and therefore appreciating its importance, they afforded their children every opportunity of mental culture. The subject of this memoir was their second son. He was named after the friend of his father, the celebrated Dr. Rittenhouse, and, in conjunction with his two younger brothers, received an excellent classical education at the Norristown Academy, an institution established by the exertions of his father and other enterprising gentlemen of the neighborhood. At the age of sixteen, he had passed through an unusually extensive course of study, and was prepared to enter the junior class in any of our colleges. But many of these institutions had been about that time, the scenes of great irregularities and disorders, and his parents, as anxious for the moral as the mental culture of their children, hesitated to expose them to the dangers of college associations, under a discipline so relaxed as that which then prevailed. The subject of sending them to college was considered, then postponed, and finally abandoned; and the boys remained at home, labouring on the farm and pursuing their studies under the direction of their father, in their intervals of leisure. Having access to an excellent collection of books in his fathers' house and also to a public library at Norristown; encouraged and stimulated by the example and advice of his parents, *David* acquired an amount of solid and useful information, derived from the best standard English authors, and the few works we then had on the history and policy of our own country. From the time he left the academy until he attained his majority, being the eldest son at home, he superintended his father's farm, and exhibited, in the management of it, the same energy, diligence and prudence, which have subsequently characterized him in more responsible stations. At school he exercised a commanding influence over his associates, which was cheerfully and voluntarily acknowledged by them, but never assumed or abused by him. His fellow students, who yet survive, remember him with affection, as their kind hearted associate, always ready to aid them in their studies and firmly and fearlessly to stand by them in difficulty. In the year 1809, his father was appointed by Governor Snyder, Surveyor General of Pennsylvania. In 1810, the farm was leased, the stock sold, and the family removed to Lancaster, then the seat of government. The flourishing state which the farm

had attained under David's management; the order, regularity and neatness visible in every department attracted general notice and encomium.

For about two years David acted as an assistant in his father's office, but desiring a more active life and a wider field for the exercise of his powers, he removed to Huntingdon County, in the spring of 1812, and became clerk at Barree Forge, with a view of learning the business of an Iron master. He continued in this employment for about two years; during a considerable portion of which time, he performed the duties of manager as well as clerk, to the entire satisfaction of his employer. In 1814, he went into the iron business on his own account, in partnership with another, at Sligo Forges, on Spruce Creek, in Huntingdon County; and conducted the works with great care, attention and success. In March 1817, anxious to dissolve the connection with his partner, he sold to him his interest in the works; the partner, who was the purchaser, assuming the outstanding partnership debts. He failed to pay the debts, and his property having been transferred from his hands mysteriously, and placed beyond the reach of his creditors, he absconded, leaving David R. Porter liable for the partnership debts remaining unpaid, and wholly unrequited for the investment he had himself originally made in the concern. Real Estate had generally depreciated and he was consequently ruined.

There is a circumstance connected with his pecuniary difficulties and failure, calculated to show how all things are overruled by Providence, and evil made to produce good. In the fall of 1818, he was about arranging his affairs in order to leave Huntingdon County, with credit and satisfy all the legitimate demands upon him. He had agreed to accept a situation to take charge of some Iron works in Kentucky at a salary of one thousand dollars per annum, and thus commence the world anew. But it was not so ordered. A suit was instituted against him for a partnership debt, in which he believed there was collusion between the plaintiff and his late partner, and he determined to remain and contest it. To his credit be it recorded that as he afterwards prospered in life, he discharged every just claim existing either against himself or the firm in which he had become so disastrously involved, and in which he had sunk the whole of his matrimonial estate as well as his own earnings.

He was appointed a justice of the peace by Governor Findlay in February 1818, which appointment he held until his election to the Legislature in October 1819. He was an extensive conveyancer and scrivener; and being the only acting magistrate in the district, was resorted to as arbitrator and general peace maker for the whole settlement. To illustrate the universal confidence reposed in his judgment and integrity, it may be mentioned that in upwards of a thousand suits tried before him, but one of his judgments was ever appealed from or taken up to Court in any manner; and that during the period of his magistracy, he returned only one criminal recognizance.

That his pecuniary misfortunes caused no loss of confidence in his integrity is evident from the fact, that in October 1819, seven years after he became a resident of the county, and but a few months after his failure, while yet a single man, he was elected a member of the House of Rep-

resentatives of Pennsylvania from Huntingdon County by a large majority of votes over his highest opponent, and received 153 out of 154 votes polled in Franklin Township, where he then lived. In 1820 he was again elected by a large majority to the same body, although General Hiester, who headed the opposite ticket for Governor, received a majority of upwards of 400 over Governor Findlay in the county.

In 1820, he married Josephine M'Dermott, his present wife. She was the daughter of Mr. William M'Dermott, a gentleman from Scotland, who commenced the business of manufacturing Steel in Huntingdon County some years before. Mrs. Porter in every situation in life in which she has been placed, has honored her sex, and justified her husband's choice.

In 1822, he was again elected to the Legislature, and in 1823 declined a re-election. In December of the latter year he was appointed, by Governor Shultz, Prothonotary and Clerk of the Courts of Huntingdon County. In December 1826 he was re-appointed to those offices, and also appointed Register of Wills and Recorder of Deeds. In 1829 he was continued by Governor Wolf, and again re-appointed by him in 1832. For each of those several appointments he had the almost unanimous recommendation of the people of the county. As a public officer Mr. Porter had no superior for capacity and fidelity, as the records kept by him abundantly shew, and as all who had business to transact with him must testify. He never read law, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, that is, with a view to admission, yet there are few men better acquainted with its general principles, and no one can be more familiar with the statutes of Pennsylvania.

Prompted by the general burst of indignation which followed the outrage committed on the American frigate Chesapeake, he entered "The First Troop of Montgomery County," commanded by Captain John Matheys, and equipped himself before he was eighteen years of age. Previous to the declaration of war, he had removed to Huntingdon county, but the class which he drew in the company of militia to which he was there attached, was not called into the service. He was regular and constant in the performance of military duty until elected Governor, at which time he was the major general of the 10th Division. While many of our public men have evinced a disposition to decry and underrate our militia and volunteers, he has been at all times the advocate of every measure calculated to cherish the military spirit among the citizen soldiers of Pennsylvania, and to strengthen this important arm of our country's defence.

In the fall of 1836, he reluctantly consented to become a candidate for senate, in what was called "the long district" consisting of Huntingdon, Mifflin, Juniata, Perry and Union Counties, and was elected by 1500 votes above his opponent, receiving a majority in every county of the District, although the year before the opposite party had a majority of nearly 2000 in the same district.

Having served in the senate from the time of his election, he was chosen, on the 4th of March, 1838, by the Democratic party of the commonwealth, as their candidate for Governor. The numerous and unequivocal testimonials of confidence and esteem which had been conferred upon

him by the citizens of the county in which he resided, his intimate acquaintance with the legislation and resources of the state, his quiet and unchanging course in politics, his strength of mind and great decision of character, had produced a gradual concentration of public opinion in reference to his qualifications for the chief magistracy. The convention, assembled for the purpose, nominated him for that high station, with singular unanimity, from a number of competent and worthy men, who were presented to their consideration. The selection was cordially approved by the party throughout the State: and after a contest of unprecedented virulence and ardor, he was triumphantly elected. On the 15th of January, 1839, he was inaugurated in the presence of the largest concourse of citizens ever assembled on a similar occasion. His inaugural address, written in a clear, concise and nervous style, exhibited, with candor and fearlessness, his views of the leading questions of state policy, and the features which should characterize his administration. The multitude of his fellow citizens, who listened to its delivery, responded enthusiastically to the sentiments it contained.

Immediately upon his induction into office, Governor Porter found himself surrounded with difficulties such as no previous Executive had ever encountered. The financial distress with which our country has been afflicted has pressed with peculiar severity upon Pennsylvania, but by the indefatigable energy, unsleeping devotion and heroic resolution of her chief magistrate, who has never for a moment faltered in his course, her credit has been preserved untarnished, her enterprise sustained, and her resources cherished and augmented.

The State papers which have emanated from the pen of Governor Porter, are characterized by strength and perspicuity of diction and breathe the spirit of an enlightened statesman and true hearted Pennsylvanian.

The Governor is about five feet eleven inches in height and weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds. His personal appearance is decidedly good, and his manners those of a grave yet urbane gentleman. His features are finely moulded, and strongly expressive of the vigor of his intellect and force of his character. His large, full and clear eye beams with intelligence and intrepidity. As commander-in-chief,

he has reviewed several encampments of volunteers. His horsemanship is correct and graceful, and he has evidently studied military tactics with great care. Possessing remarkable coolness and self-command he is never confused or thrown off his guard, but seems as perfectly at home on parade as in his usual avocations.

On the 4th of March, 1841, Governor Porter was re-nominated by the Democratic party as their candidate for the Executive chair. The unanimity of that nomination, was a proud testimonial of the increasing estimation of his friends, and his recent election by the people, by a majority of upwards of twenty three thousand votes, has triumphantly vindicated the measures of his administration.

The career of Governor Porter furnishes a remarkable illustration of the omnipotence of industry, energy and resolution in every department of life. In early manhood the difficulties with which he was compelled to struggle were sufficient to dishearten and appal an ordinary man; but with him every obstacle proved only a spur to exertion. When, through the treachery of another, his fair prospects were blasted, and he was plunged into overwhelming pecuniary embarrassments, he never for a moment yielded to despondency, but with a clearness of judgment, firmness of purpose and activity of enterprise, so eminently characteristic of the man, he commenced the work of retrieving his shattered fortunes. After years of honorable toil his difficulties were removed and a competent estate to ensure the comfort of himself and his family crowned his labors. Whatever object he pursued, whatever undertaking he attempted, he prosecuted with unwearied perseverance, and paused not in his course until it was attained. His elevation to the chief magistracy has served only to place these qualities in bolder relief. To his prudence, fearlessness and resolution, we owe our safety amid the troubled waters and dangerous rocks through which he has guided the bark of State. He has emphatically shown that he "dared do all that may become a man," while at the same time, that prudence which has been conspicuous throughout his career, has constantly reminded him, that he

"Who dares do more, is none."

THE DAUPHIN GUARDS,

HARRISBURG, PA.

This company was organized and made its first public appearance on the first day of January, 1839. The uniform, as will be seen by the engraving, is blue, with yellow trimmings.

The Guards are so young a company that we have no right to expect their history to be very interesting. Yet brief as has been their existence, they have not been idle. Besides the attention they have paid to the military science for their own improvement, they have endeavored to do something of general benefit to their military brethren of the State; and to their exertions, situated as they are at the capital of the State, we owe the legislative enactment which permits all military companies, when on excursions, to pass free of tolls on the State canals and Railroads, on application to the canal commissioners. This provision was deemed to be due to the citizen soldiery of the commonwealth, and on the petition of the Guards it was formally enacted into a law.

The Guards are by law exempt from drill with the militia, and can enroll contributing members, who are relieved from militia duty by paying two dollars per year to the company.

The Guards have a commodious hall, in the Exchange Building, Walnut street, Harrisburg, tastefully fitted up as an armory. On one side appear the highly finished arms used on parade, and on the other the more humble pieces used for private drill. The walls are decorated with appropriate engravings, representing renowned military men, and views of encampments and distinguished volunteer companies. There are also several beautiful landscape views, including the attempt of an Indian party to burn *John Harris*, the first settler on the spot which is now the capital of Pennsylvania. The principal musket rack is surmounted by a statue of *George Washington*.

During the autumn of 1839 the Guards visited Philadelphia, where they were received and entertained in the handsomest manner by the National Grays, Captain P. Fritz, and the State Fencibles, Captain J. Page, to whom the acknowledgments of the company were formally tendered on their

return home. They were also received with much courtesy by *Lt. Brooke*, commandant at the Navy Yard, whose treatment of them combined in an eminent degree the formal discipline of the soldier with the politeness and hospitality of the finished gentleman. While in the city the Guards, by special invitation, visited the Academy of Fine Arts, the Chinese Collection, the Mint, the Theatres, &c., and were every where treated with the most gratifying consideration. On their way home they spent a day in Lancaster, and enjoyed the hospitalities of the late *Mr. John Cameron* and other citizens. Lancaster had then no military company, but several have since been formed, and promise fair to take rank among the finest in the State.

The Guards have since visited Carlisle to join in the funeral honors to the late President of the United States, and during last month they joined in the encampment at York. Of their conduct at York, the writer may be allowed to speak with freedom, as (although a member of the corps) he was not present in uniform; and he asserts with confidence that among nineteen companies, in point of discipline the Guards found no superior.

Capt. Roberts certainly merits credit for the excellent discipline which he has effected in the corps under his command.

OFFICERS.

CAPTAIN—E. W. ROBERTS.

1st Lieutenant—A. KEEFER,
2nd Lieutenant—Wm. WATSON.

Sergeants,

1st. Wm. Keller,
2d. James Hutton,
3d. Daniel Kepner,
4th. F. V. Beissel.

Corporals,

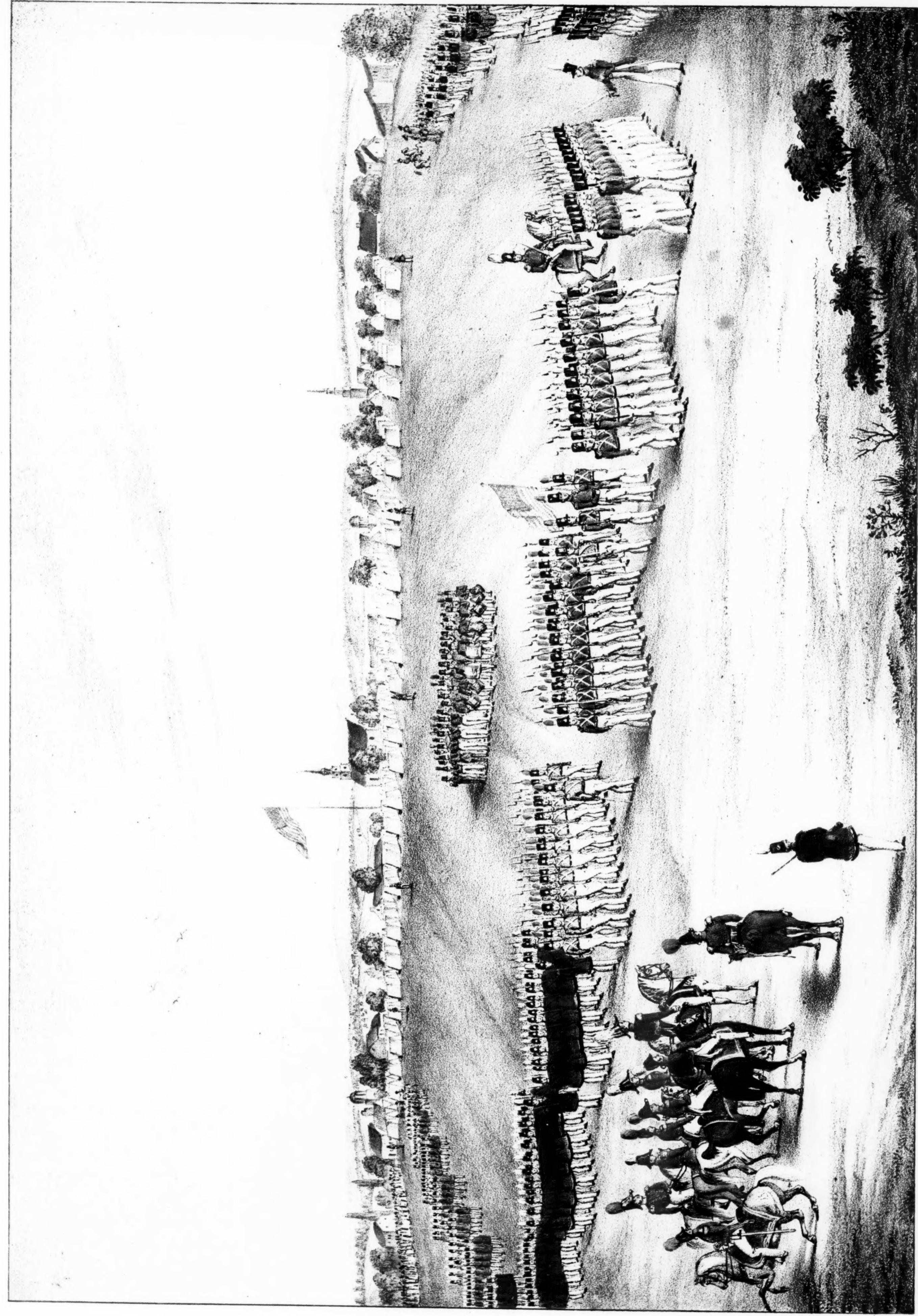
1st. M. Lutz,
2d. Wm. Gemperling,
3d. John Olewine,
4th. Wm. Shaeffer.

SURGEON—E. L. Orth.



TO CAPT. E. W. ROBERTS
DANBURY GUARDS HARRISBURG, PA.

*This Plate is most respectfully dedicated by
Huddy & Duval.*



THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE FIELD

THE BRITISH ARMY IN THE FIELD

BY HENRY STANFORD SMITH

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY STANFORD SMITH

CAMP LAFAYETTE,

YORK, PA.

YORK, Pa., August 31st, 1841.

On Monday, the 22d inst, the troops commenced coming into Camp, and by twelve o'clock several were already encamped. The ground was well chosen, being a fine level field with the handsome little town of York immediately in rear. Through the untiring exertions of Quarter Master Bumgardner and Captain George Hay, every thing was made ready and comfortable for the companies as they came in. Wood, straw and excellent water were on the ground—there was a profusion of every thing necessary for the soldier's comfort. About two o'clock, P. M., the troops from Lancaster, under Major Hambright, and from Columbia and Wrightsville, were escorted in by Captain Hay's Rifle Corps. Then the busy scene commenced, the dull sound of the mallet on the tent pins soon died away, and the vacant spot, but a few minutes before looked now like a small village, and the inmates hurrying in squads to and fro—each man with his bundle of straw or pail of water. By twelve o'clock on Tuesday, upwards of three hundred tents occupied the field, and it was christened *Camp Lafayette*. By sun down six hundred and eighty men were comfortably quartered in their canvass houses—making in all nineteen companies.

Wednesday morning early, after reveille, the men commenced cleaning up, it being the grand review day. After Company drills and breakfast, there was another busy time the Artillerists sitting in one place making six pound cartridges—Infantry men and others washing out gloves, belts, &c.—in fact all were busy at something. The sun shone out in all his splendor, not a cloud was to be seen in the firmament—the tents were white as snow, and every thing was dressed for a gala-day. At about eight o'clock the ladies commenced coming in. They were, I understand, from all quarters—Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Jersey, &c. And last though not least, the fine healthy German girls from the interior of our own State. They were apparently highly delighted, many of them never having seen an encampment of Military before. General Frederick Hambright, in his usual gallant manner, granted the ladies the freedom of the Camp ground, and in a few moments they were soon distributed throughout the different streets.

The grand parade was now ordered, and in a short time the large parade ground in front cleared, and the troops formed in line. The thunder of the six pounders in-

formed us that the Commander-in-Chief was approaching. He came on the ground accompanied by his Staff. The Governor looked extremely well, being in full uniform and mounted on a noble charger. The appearance of the troops was handsome in the extreme, as they stood in line; the sun shone full on their well polished arms and equipments, which must have been highly gratifying to the Commander. After review they took up their line of march, and after five hours hard marching, returned to Camp pretty well fatigued.

Thursday, the weather became cloudy and terminated in a regular rain, which continued until Friday, consequently many duties were necessarily dispensed with. After a grand review—it is a signal for breaking up the Camp—consequently on Thursday the Companies commenced leaving, and on Friday after twelve M., Camp Lafayette was vacated.

The following letter was received from Governor Porter by the Committee of Invitation.

GENTLEMEN:—“I am pleased to see the true military spirit cherished and encouraged among the citizen soldiers of Pennsylvania. In war and in all trying emergencies, we must rely on them chiefly to protect our homes and firesides from aggression, our national honor from insult, and our liberty from destruction. Of late years it has been too much the habit of those who should have known better, to decry and underrate our militia and volunteers. Those who remember their services in the Revolution and in the late war with Great Britain, entertain a very different opinion. Let the organization of volunteer companies be promoted; let them be furnished with arms and accoutrements; let them devote all the time they can spare to the acquisition of military discipline, and they will speedily silence the voice of censure and of prejudice, and strengthen the arm of their country's defence.”

GEN. FREDERICK HAMBRIGHT, Commanding.

Col. James Cameron, } Aids.
Col. Alex. Hay,

Brigade Adjutant, John H. Duchman.

Brigade Major, Wm. M. Huddy.

Brigade Quarter Master, Jacob Bumgardner.

Brigade Surgeon, Dr. Henry Ness, } Right Wing.

Brigade Asst. do., Dr. H. Carpenter, } Right Wing.

“ “ Dr. G. B. Kerfoot, } Left Wing.
“ “ Dr. Thomas.

A N A D V E N T U R E.

(Revised and corrected for the U. S. Military Magazine,)

BY JAMES REES.

There are many situations in life that men are placed in, which will bring forth talent, strength, courage and ingenuity, which himself and others deemed totally at variance with his nature. I am one whose life has been an undisturbed scene of peace and quietness. No quarrel or dispute ever rendered it necessary for me to call forth my moral or physical strength, both of which I am now inclined to think I possess; at least the reader will bear me out, when I have related the following adventure:

I was on my way to P—, in the fall of 18—; it was towards the cold evenings in the first fall month, when my horse stopped suddenly before a respectable house, about four miles from N—. There was something strange and remarkable in this action of my horse, nor would he move a step in spite of all my exertions to urge him on. I determined to gratify his whim, and at the same time a strange presentiment which came over me, a kind of supernatural feeling indescribable, seemed to urge me to enter. Having knocked, and requested to be conducted to the lady or gentleman of the house, I was ushered into a neat sitting room, where sat a beautiful girl of about twenty years of age. She rose at my entrance, and seemed a little surprised at the appearance of a perfect stranger. In a few words I related to her the strange conduct of my horse, and his stubborn opposition to my will. "I am not," I observed, "superstitious, nor inclined on the side of the metaphysical doctrines of those who support them; but the strange unaccountable feeling that crept over me in attempting to pass your house, induced me to solicit lodgings for the night."

"We are not," she replied, "well guarded, 'tis true; but in this part of the country we have little to fear from robbers, for we have never heard of any being near us; we are surrounded by good neighbours, and I flatter myself we are at peace with them all. But this evening, in consequence of my father's absence, I feel unusually lonesome, and if it were not bordering on the superstitious, I might reason as you have, and say I consent to your staying; for similar feelings had been mine ere you arrived; from what cause I cannot imagine."

The evening passed delightfully away; my young hostess was intelligent and lovely; the hours flew so quick, that on looking at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was eleven o'clock. This was the signal for retiring; and by twelve every inmate of the house was probably asleep, save myself. I could not sleep—strange visions floated across my brain, and I lay twisting and turning on the bed, in all the agony of sleepless suspense. The clock struck one—its last vibrating sound had scarcely died away, when the opening of a shutter, and the raising of a sash in one of the lower apartments, convinced me some one was entering the house. A noise followed as of a person jumping from the window-sill to the floor, and then followed the light and almost noise-

less step of one ascending the stairway. I slept in the room adjoining the one occupied by the lady; mine was next the staircase; the step came along the gallery slow and cautious. I had seized my pistol, and slipped on part of my clothes, determined to watch or listen to the movements seemingly mysterious or suspicious; the sound of the step stopped at my door—then followed one as of applying the ear to the key hole, and a low breathing convinced me the villain was listening. I stood motionless, the pistol firmly grasped. Not a muscle moved, nor a nerve was slackened, for I felt as if heaven had selected me out as the instrument to effect its purpose.

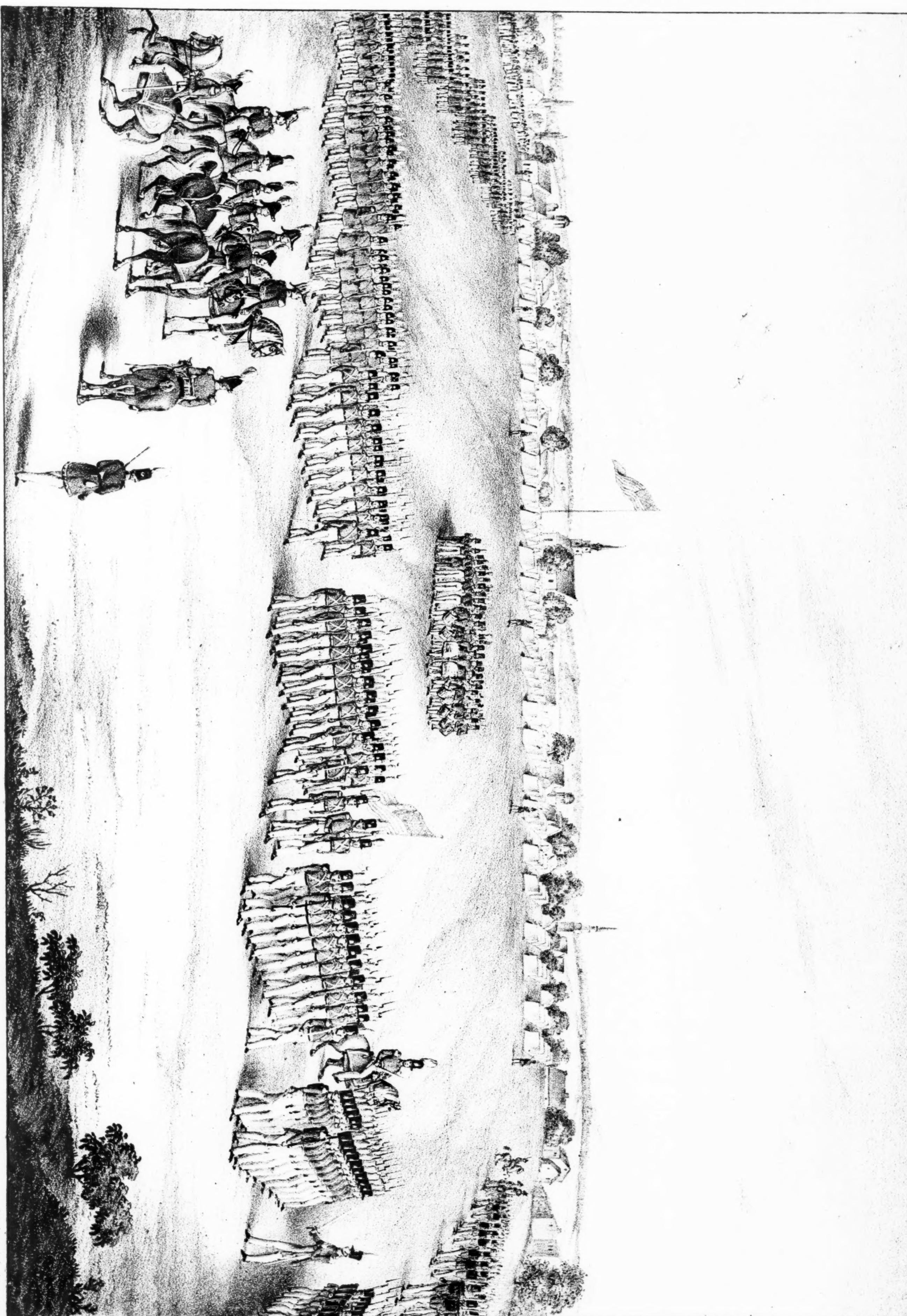
The person now slowly passed on, and I as cautiously approached the door of my bed chamber. I now went by instinct, or rather by the conveyance of sound; for as soon as I heard his hand grasp the latch of one door, mine seized on the other—a deep silence followed this movement; it seemed as if he heard the sound, and waited the repetition; it came not—all was still; he might have considered it the echo of his own noise. I heard the door open softly—I also opened mine, and the very moment I stepped into the entry, I caught the glimpse of a tall man entering the lighted chamber of the young lady. I softly stepped along the entry, and approached the chamber; through the half opened door I glanced my eyes into the room. No object was visible save the curtained bed, within whose sheets lay the intended victim to a midnight assassin, and he—gracious heavens! A NEGRO! For at that moment a tall fierce looking black approached the bed; and never were Othello and Desdemona more naturally represented; at least that particular scene of the immortal bard's conception. I was now all suspense: my heart swelled into my throat almost to suffocation, my eyes to cracking, as I made a bound into the room.

The black villain had ruthlessly dragged part of the covering off the bed, when the sound of my foot caused him to turn. He started, and thus confronted, we stood gazing on each other a few seconds; his eyes shot fire—fury was depicted in his countenance. He made a spring towards me, and the next moment lay a corpse on the floor!—the noise of the pistol aroused the fair sleeper; she started in the bed, and seemed an angel of the white clouds emerging from her downy bed to soar up to the skies.

The first thing that presented itself to her view was myself standing near her, with a pistol in my hand.

"Oh do not murder me! take all; you cannot, will not kill me, sir!"

The servants now rushed in; all was explained. The wretch turned out to be a vagabond, supposed to be a runaway slave from Virginia; I had the providential opportunity of rescuing one from the worst of fates, who in after years called me husband, and related to our children her miraculous escape from the bold attack of a midnight assassin.



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1841.

For the U. S. Military Magazine.

A SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY JAMES REES.

During the winter of 17—, when Lord Howe had possession of Philadelphia, the inhabitants were held in durance vile, by a strict military law, which forbid them from going beyond certain limits. By some means, a young girl succeeded in deceiving the guards, and was safe beyond the precincts of the city. Her object was to proceed to Valley Forge, then considered a long and dangerous journey. Washington, and his little band of heroes, were there encamped. Our female, to whom we have introduced the reader, was about eighteen years old, of a prepossessing appearance. She carried a small bundle containing a change of apparel, four new linen shirts, and two flannel indispensible. The latter articles, it would be well to inform the reader, were made by her own hands, and the materials purchased with her own money, and were intended for a young recruit, who had joined the American army. At the time Philadelphia was evacuated, Sarah Freeborn was alone in the world, without parents, without kindred. She no sooner heard of the distress in which the Americans were involved, at Valley Forge, than she, picturing her lover's situation and adopted the means which proved successful in eluding the guards, and escaping from the city. She was beyond the Schuylkill, and on her wearisome journey to her lover. The sun was rising, as she entered the woods, beyond the Upper ferry, through which, with difficulty she found her way.

The events of that gloomy period had thrown the iron hand of oppression over the land; the laborer had thrown aside his spade; the mechanic, his tools; the farmer, his ploughshare; and the merchant, his pen;—the sword was drawn—Liberty was the watchword, and an oppressed people were struggling with foreign and domestic foes, for their emancipation from the chains of a monarchial tyrant. Time had changed as it were its natural course; the peaceful homes of men were turned into lamentations, and the cry of the mothers, and the screams of their children, nerved the strong arm of parents to avenge their wrongs and defend their country. Sarah, therefore avoided the few hovels and solitary dwellings that skirted the forest, and kept as much as possible in the gloom of the woods. It was now four o'clock, and she had reached a place which, in after years, was called the Swedes' Ford, deriving its name from a few Swedish families that settled there, nearly opposite which now stands a beautiful village called Norristown, but at the time of which we speak it was a wilderness. Sarah seated herself on a stone, near the river, and contemplated the beauty of the surrounding scenery. The opposite hills were covered with

trees, sloping down to the waters edge, and not a single habitation was to be seen. A solemn stillness reigned around, and nothing living was visible, save the birds, and the hare, as the one sprung from bush to bush, and the fleet course of the other carried it away from the spot where she sat. The evening was drawing near, and she had some miles to proceed, before she would reach a place to repose for the night. She was about rising from her seat, after having tied the strings of a little wallet, containing some refreshments, when casting her eyes on the opposite side, she descried a single horseman emerge from the woods, and furiously plunge into the water. Ere he had reached the centre of the stream, several others were seen on the bank, who hesitated to follow the adventurous rebel, (so called,) for his dress denoted that he belonged to the brave class who dared to take up arms against *Majesty*. The pursuers held a parley, when all of a sudden, the report of fire arms told their dastardly and cowardly purpose. The rider, however, sat in his seat unwavering, while the enemy uttered wild imprecations at their ill success. Their single foe had now reached a shallow part of the stream, and turning his horse round to face the enemy, he took deliberate aim with a large horse pistol—it had the desired effect—a shout followed, and a man falling from his horse apparently dead, convinced the affrighted girl that one of the pursuers was killed. She ran to the waters edge, and pointing to the opposite shore—bid the horseman speed, for they were rapidly following. “Gracious heaven!” exclaimed he, as he gazed upon the fair apparition, “In such a place—is it possible?” Sarah started at the sound of his voice, and soon recognized in the soldier, her beloved Frank. “Why, Sarah, in the name of heaven, what brings you here? but this is no time for explanation; see those scoundrels are in hot pursuit. Give me your bundle; there, hold firm,” and lifted her upon his horse, he dashed the spurs into his gored side, and defied the whole British troop to catch him, as they galloped up the hill, and disappeared from the view of his disappointed foes, in the immense forest, part of which is still standing, to grace the banks of the river Schuylkill, and add to the beauty of the landscape. Being clear from pursuit, Sarah informed him of the object of her journey. He, in return, snatched a kiss from the blushing girl. They thus beguiled their way, until they reached the American camp in perfect safety, to the no small astonishment of his fellow soldiers, in seeing him thus accompanied.

Frank's journey was one of deep importance. He held

a private conference with the Commander-in-Chief, which lasted two hours. The subject was never known, but next morning a considerable movement was made in the army, and events which afterwards transpired, showed it to have a tendency to effect a great and powerful operation. Sarah continued at Valley Forge, with a Mrs. Jones, whose husband was Chaplain to the army, until Frank returned from his campaign, when they were married, and lived happily and affectionately together, surrounded by a numerous progeny, beloved and respected by all who knew them.

The writer of this article lived for many years, within

two miles of them, and Frank, the old veteran, has often pointed out the very spot where he lifted Sarah upon his horse, and I assisted in rolling the very stone into the Schuylkill, for a boyish whim; but had I known that Sarah, the good old Sarah, who often nursed me on her knee, and told me the tale of bye-gone days, had sat upon it, I would have hallowed it, and engraven her revered name upon it, as a remembrance of her love and faithfulness to the man with whom she lived, and with whom she died.

Phila. Oct. 30, 1841.



BARON DE KALB.

Every American boy, ten years old should be made familiar with all the celebrated names connected with the history of his country. But I am afraid there were many, who, during the terrible period of the Revolution, poured forth money and blood, as freely as water, and yet are, at this moment, strangers to the memory of many Americans. Every body has heard of La Fayette—many of us have seen him, and shaken hands with him—but has every one heard of the brave and generous De Kalb? Lest they have not, I will inform them, that he was a German, who like La Fayette left his country and home, to fight for our liberty. He was in the winter of life when he joined our army, but apparently as vigorous as he could have been in his earliest youth. His face and his figure were emphatically German. His frame large and athletic, his clear, mild blue eye, and his glowing, ruddy face, seemed to give life to his snow-white hairs, bleached by the suns and storms of sixty-three winters. He used to boast of the iron constitutions, which industry and hardships gave his countrymen. “The Christmas before I sailed for America,” said he, “I went to see my father, who lived about three hundred miles from Paris. On arriving at the house, I found my dear old mother, who was eighty-three years of age, sitting at her wheel, while one of her great grand-daughters carded the wool, and sang a hymn for her. As soon as the first joy of meeting was over, I eagerly enquired for my father.” “Do not be uneasy, my son,” said she, “he has gone into the woods with his three great grand-children, to cut fuel for the fire. They will be here presently.”

“In a short time, I heard them coming. My father was foremost, with his axe under his arm, and a stout billet of wood on his shoulder. The children followed him, staggering along, each with his little load, and then prattling with all their might. I can assure you it was delightful, thus to see the two extremes of youth and age mingled in cordial love. Nothing but exercise, and a plenty of the healthy air of heaven, will make constitutions wear like my father’s.”

The history of battles are very much alike, and it is always painful to dwell on such scenes of bloodshed and distress: I will therefore only say, that in every combat in

which he was engaged, General De Kalb evinced the utmost bravery, discretion and military skill.

On the 15th of August, 1780, the American army were stationed near Rugeley’s Mills, about twelve miles from Camden, South Carolina. Ten o’clock at night, orders were given to march to Camden, and surprise the British army there. Unluckily, the English at the same time; began a march to surprise the Americans. To their mutual astonishment, the advance guard of both armies met at two o’clock in the morning, and fired at each other. A council of war was immediately called. De Kalb, cautious as well as courageous, advised to fall back to Rugeley’s Mills; but General Gates overruled this motion.

The morning sun discovered the woods, far and near, reddened by the flame-coloured uniform, worn by the British army; and the rolling of their drums, and the thundering of their cannon, as they came rushing to the battle, had a most awful sound.—The undisciplined militia, frightened at their numbers, scarcely gave them one distant fire, before they broke their ranks, and fled in every direction. In vain De Kalb called upon them to return. He was left alone with a handful of faithful Americans, to stand all the horrors of that fearful day. His valour increased with his danger. While he was bending forward to animate his troops, he received eleven wounds. He fell! and Americans and Britons continued furiously fighting over his body. His French Aid stretched his arms over the wounded veteran, and called out, “Save the brave De Kalb, oh save the Baron De Kalb!” The British immediately fell back; but it was too late to save his life. He died of his wounds and was buried near Camden where his last battle was fought.

Some years after, when Washington visited that place he eagerly inquired for the grave of De Kalb. It was shown to him. He looked on it thoughtfully, for a long time, and then exclaimed with a deep sigh, “So here lies the brave De Kalb! The generous stranger who came from a foreign land to fight our battles, and to water the tree of our liberty with his blood! Would it had pleased Heaven, that he might have lived to share our prosperity as freely as he shared our dangers.”



To Capt. GEORGE WASHINGTON BEHN of the
GEORGIA HUSSARS
SAVANNAH, GEO.